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Graduate Recital: Andrew David Mattfeld, tenor

Andrew David Mattfeld

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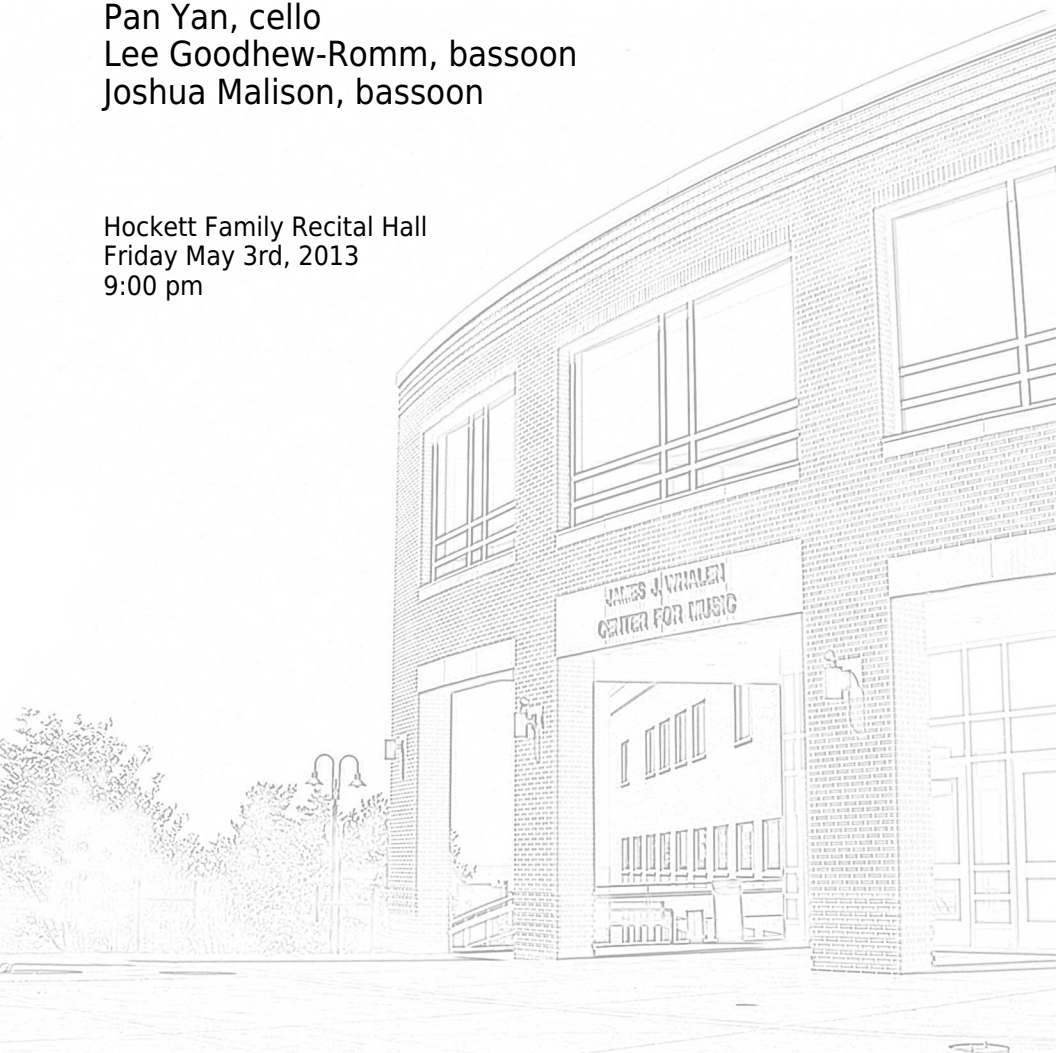
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Graduate Recital: Andrew David Mattfeld, tenor

Blaise Bryski, keyboards
Natalie Brandt, violin
Laura Sciavolino, violin
Kate Inie-Richards, viola
Pan Yan, cello
Lee Goodhew-Romm, bassoon
Joshua Malison, bassoon

Hockett Family Recital Hall
Friday May 3rd, 2013
9:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

Cantata for Solo Tenor "*Ich weiß daß
mein Erlöser lebt,*"

Georg Philipp Telemann
(1681-1767)

TWV 1:874 (Formerly BWV 160)

Aria: Ich weiß daß mein Erlöser lebt

*Recitativo: Er Lebt und ist von Todten
auferstanden!*

Aria: Gott Lob, daß mein Erlöser lebt

*Recitativo: So Biet' ich allen Teufeln
Trutz!*

Aria: Nun, ich halte mich bereit

*Natalie Brandt, violin
Joshua Malison, bassoon
Blaise Bryski, positive organ
Lee Goodhew-Romm, continuo*

Les Cigales
Villanelle des petits canards
Ballade des gros dindons

Alexis Emmanuel Chabrier
(1841-1894)

Intermission

On Wenlock Edge, Song Cycle for Tenor,
Piano and String Quartet (1909)

Ralph Vaughan Williams
(1872-1958)

- 1) On Wenlock Edge
- 2) From far, from eve and morning
- 3) Is my team ploughing?
- 4) Oh, when I was in love with you
- 5) Bredon Hill
- 6) Clun

*The Graduate String Quartet
Blaise Bryski, piano*

It's De-Medley

Words and Music by Cole Porter
(1891-1964)
Arr. by Cody Wymore (b. 1987)

Translations

Ich weiß daß mein Erlöser lebt

Epistle: 1 Corinthians 5: 6-8; Gospel: Mark 16: 1-8

1. ARIA

I know that my redeemer lives,
He lives and to my joy.
Let it be, that I in suffering,
in labor, toil and plight
must endure many an hour
of my days upon this world;
yet solace blooms in my heart.

2. RECITATIVO

He lives and is risen from the
dead!
Upon this is based the foundation
which, like a stone, bears a firm
faith
in hope of my salvation.
I, in the garden, lamented his
shackles,
which the foes' scorn and envy
laid upon him, by the betrayer;
my heart too was wounded
as they flogged him to profuse
wounds
with sharp lashes;
I experienced with ache and woe
each such stab
as they pierced his brow with
thorns
and pathetically scored it;
I followed after him, half-dead, up
to Golgotha,
as he himself bore the weight
and humiliation of the cross.
And such was the cruelty that
smote him;
my soul was filled with grief
as they brought his body to the
tomb.
And all these sorrows
made for a sorrowful end,
so too indeed, at his bloodshed,
tears of joy similarly had to flow
from me,
for he, through his death, would
atone
the agony of my guilt, in my
stead.
I, by myself, could hardly be
confident
and certainly not at all redeemed,
were he not arisen of his own
accord.

Now however solace is at hand,
and it exists securely,
for even the last mite has been
paid for me,
and the law has nothing more to
demand of me;
for today God paid my bail
out of the grave, as out of a
debtor's prison,
free once more.

3. ARIA

Praise God that my redeemer
lives!
He lives, so his life will
be granted me in death.
Therefore I will die gladly
to inherit there that joy
which he bequeaths me
midst the order of angels.

4. RECITATIVO

So I defy all the Devil's advances!
My champion, my Jesus is my
shield.
Faith will never let me fail.
Should I give up as lost?
Then Christ also need not have
risen!
But he lives, so I must too
be resurrected to life through him
and be drawn into his kingdom
of peace and glory.

5. ARIA

Now I hold myself ready:
to discard my body's mortality
to the earth.
Come, you angels, come before
me,
carry my soul forth
that I might soon be beside Jesus!
Oh, how sincerely I do wish:
were I yet today beside you!

Les Cigales

Le soleil est droit sur la sente,
L'ombre bleuit sous les figuiers;
Ces cris au loin multipliés,
C'est midi, c'est midi qui chante.
Sous l'astre qui conduit le cœur,
Les chanteuses dissimulées
Jettent leurs rauques ululées
De quel infatigable cœur.

REFRAIN:

Les cigales, ces bestioles,
One plus d'âme que les violes;
Les cigales, les cigalons,
Chantent mieux que les violons!

S'en donnent-elles, les cigales,
Sur les tas de poussière gris,
Sous les oliviers rabougris
Étoilés de fleurettes pâles.
Et grises de chanter ainsi,
Elles font leur musique folle;
Et toujours leur chanson s'envole
Des touffes du gazon roussi!

(REFRAIN)

Aux rustres éparés dans le chaume,
Le grand astre torrentiel,
À larges flots, du haut du ciel,
Verse le sommeil et son baume.
Tout est mort, rien ne bruit plus
Qu'elles toujours, les forcenées,
Entre les notes égrénées
De quelque lointain angélus!

(REFRAIN)

As the sun climbs higher and higher,
Patches of shade keep shrinking
and noise multiplies on every side:
It is noon, summer noon is singing!
Directed by the blazing star
is a chorus, who have rehearsed their
parts,
Broadcasting a raucous cantata
with resolute and tireless hearts.

REFRAIN:

The cicadas, those tiny fellows,
Out-vibrato the loudest cellos.
The cicadas' concerted din
out-performs any violin!

They overdo it, the cicadas;
They indulgently wallow
in among the old olive-trees
and the flowers of the dusty hollow.
Enchanted with their power to sing,
They press on with their crazy music.
Through the branches and browning
grasses
their unremitting song takes wing.

(REFRAIN)

And since for the work-weary
peasants
the abundant sun of summer
in ample waves from high above
pours the magic potion of slumber,
All is still, to mark this special hour...
Except for these fanatics
filling in the spaces between
the chimes of the distant church
tower!

(REFRAIN)

Villanelle des petits canards

Ils vont, les petits canards,
Tout au bord de la rivière,
Comme de bons campagnards!

Barboteurs et frétillards,
Heureux de troubler l'eau claire,
Ils vont, les petits canards.

Ils semblent un peu jobards,
Mais ils sont à leur affaire,
Comme de bons campagnards.

Dans l'eau pleine de têtards,
Où tremble une herbe légère,
Ils vont, les petits canards,

Marchant par groupes épars,
D'une allure régulière
Comme de bons campagnards!

Dans le beau verd d'épignards
De l'humide cressionnière
Ils vont, les petits canards,

Et quoi qu'un peu goguenards,
Ils sont d'humeur débonnaire
Comme de bons campagnards!

Faisant, en cercles bavards,
Un vrai bruit de pétaudière,
Ils vont, les petits canards,

Dodus, lustrés et gaillards,
Ils sont gais à leur manière,
Comme de bons campagnards!

Amoureux et nasillards
Chacun avec sa commère
Ils vont, les petits canards,
Comme de bons campagnards!

They go, the little ducks,
All at the side of the river,
Like good country folk!

Paddlers and wrigglers,
Happy to trouble the clear water,
They go, the little ducks,

They seem a little silly,
But they are at their business,
Like good country folk!

In the water full of tadpoles,
Where light grass trembles,
They go, the little ducks,

Marching in separate groups,
In a regular pace
Like good country folk!

In the pretty spinach green
Of the humid cress-plot,
They go, the little ducks,

And what, than a little mocking,
They are of a good-natured mood,
Like good country folk!

Making, in talkative circles,
A true bedlam of noise,
They go, the little ducks,

Plump, glossy and lively,
They are merry with their manner,
Like good country folk!

Amorous and nasal,
Each one with its hearsay,
They go, the little ducks,
Like good country folk!

Ballade des gros dindons

Les gros dindons, à travers champs,
D'un pas solennel et tranquille,
Par les matins, par les couchants,
Bêtement marchent à la file,
Devant la pastoure qui file,
En fredonnant de vieux fredons,
Vont en procession docile
Les gros dindons!

Ils vous ont l'air de gros marchands
Remplis d'une morgue imbécile,
De baillis rogues et méchants
Vous regardant d'un oeil hostile;
Leur rouge pendeloque oscille;
Ils semblent, parmi les chardons,
Gravement tenir un concile,
Les gros dindons!

N'ayant jamais trouvé touchants
Les sons que le rossignol file,
Ils suivent, lourds et trébuchants,
L'un d'eux, digne comme un édile;
Et, lorsqu'au lointain campanile
L'angelus fait ses lens din! dons!
Ils regagnent leur domicile,
Les gros dindons!

Prud' hommes gras, leurs seuls
penchants
Sont vers le pratique et l'utile,
Pour eux, l'amour et les doux chants
Sont un passetemps trop futile;
Bourgeois de la gent volatile,
Arrondissant de noirs bedons,
Ils se fichent de toute idylle,
Les gros dindons!

Across the fields the turkey-cocks
process like a grave delegation,
Along the stream, beside the rocks,
In a follow-the-lead formation.
A woman of lowly station,
Spinning and humming, idly looks
at their dimwitted resignation,
the fat Turkeys.

They plod like pompous auctioneers
attired in dumb ostentation,
Or portly bailiffs, proud and mean,
Who observe you with accusation.
Their red wattles' oscillation
brushes the thistles where they seem
to be holding a convocation,
the fat Turkeys.

From them the nightingale's fine talk
wins never the least acclamation;
They stumble on behind the cock
with the weightiest reputation.
And when the church-bells' vibration
rings from behind the village clock
they return to their habitation,
the fat Turkeys.

A life that's useful, gross and gruff
expresses their whole aspiration.
For them the pretty songs of love
are too futile an occupation.
The fattest bourgeois in creation,
They couldn't ever give a care
for romance or imagination,
the fat Turkeys.

Program Notes

Ich weiß daß mein Erlöser lebt, Georg Philipp Telemann, TWV 1:874

The German composer, Georg Philipp Telemann (1681-1767), was an extremely prolific and influential composer during the baroque period. He belonged to a family that had long been connected to the Lutheran Church and for this reason much of his oeuvre is religiously thematic. After a childhood of considerable musical immersion, and much to the fervent, yet blatantly contradictory objections of his parents, it is very evident from his documented trip to Halle, Germany in 1701, that he had little intention of giving up his musical career. He was, after all, only going to make the acquaintance of Georg Frideric Handel.

Telemann was a widely traveled, cosmopolitan, and adherently charismatic individual whose massive output of compositions includes 1,043 (catalogued) church cantatas, as well as a setting of the Passion for each year he was in Hamburg, 46 in all. Johann Sebastian Bach's respect for, and interest in, Telemann's work is well documented in C.P.E. Bach's letters (the younger Bach was also Telemann's God-child).

The confusion surrounding this particular Solo Cantata for Tenor meant for "Am ersten Osterfesttage (First Easter Festival Day)" arises first from the fact that both composers frequently used the same librettist, Erdmann Neumeister (1671-1756) for cantata texts. Secondly, the work, later catalogued as BWV 160, was most likely copied by one of the elder Bach's students during a festival week between 1725 and 1732. Due to the striking similarities in musical gesture, the interest of combining national styles and genres, as well as Bach's pensions for including previously composed works into his Festival programming, the work remained contributed to him for nearly 250 years.

The work, which is unfortunately not widely performed, has a very unique style. Typical of the librettos of Neumeister in that it combines biblical verses with strophic or Da Capo arias, Telemann's treatment of vocal line is frequently fragmented or disjunctive, sitting awkwardly in the voice and requiring the singer to maneuver great intervals in short periods of time. The cantata also contains a massive recitative as the second movement spanning almost 5 pages in some editions, which for some serves as further proof that the work is atypical of Bach and more suited to that of Telemann, as the longest Evangelistic recitative in either of Bach's epic Passions (arguably his most widely performed and well known compositions), is only at most 4 pages.

Alexis Emmanuel Chabrier

Alexis Emmanuel Chabrier (1841-1894) was a French Romantic composer almost exclusively responsible for changing the course of harmony in France. His innovative use of drama and chromatic harmony influenced composers such as Debussy, Ravel, Strauss, and Les Six through his love of Impressionistic art, and near obsession with Wagner. Chabrier was especially friendly with the painters Claude Monet and Édouard Manet, and amassed a collection of impressionistic art now housed in some of the world's most famous art museums.

Chabrier began his musical career considerably late in life, turning 40 before he decided to make composition a full time career. This mature decision truly speaks in his compositions, which are typically characterized by a sense of brilliance, wit, and vivid harmonic, rhythmic, and orchestral coloring not usually associated with the youthful output of composers who achieve greatness later in life.

Rather than a dramatist (although this is arguable due to the sheer thoughtfulness and impact of his compositions), Chabrier thought himself a composer-comedian. His songs are light and beautiful, characterized by sweeping lines, long, colorful phrases, surprising and vivid tonal shifts, with humorous and memorable punch lines in both the voice and the piano.

The songs contained in this set typify Chabrier's style. They are settings of poetry by the husband and wife team Louise-Rose-Étiennette Gérard, known as Rosemonde Gérard (1871-1953) and Edmond Eugène Alexis Rostand (1868-1918). Both were well known during the neo-romantic movement in France during the late 19th century. Chabrier was drawn to their poetry for its comedic qualities, but also for its alternative to the naturalistic theatrical tendencies of the French *Romanesques* of the time. The Gérard-Rostand team is probably best known (or rather, best-unknown) for penning the libretto for the popular American musical *The Fantasticks*.

On Wenlock Edge, Ralph Vaughan Williams

Written in 1909 and extracted from the massive *A Shropshire Lad* by A. E. Housman (1859-1936), Vaughan Williams's pastoral work *On Wenlock Edge* explores the extreme fleetingness of love and the decay of youth, in a spare and uncomplicated style. The poetry was first published in 1896 at Housman's own expense due to the surprising lack of publisher interest, and depicts in bleak and disillusioned terms, the rural life and early death of a young man in Shropshire, England. Wenlock Edge, is a large limestone escarpment near the town of Much Wenlock, and is surrounded by thick deciduous forests and remains today virtually untouched from Housman's time.

Vaughan Williams completed *On Wenlock Edge* in its original instrumentation for tenor, string quartet, and piano, later reworking the cycle for tenor and orchestra between 1918 and 1924. There is something unmistakably English about Vaughan Williams' music. It is simultaneously sophisticated and down-to-earth, ingenious in its instrumental effects and straightforward in setting the texts.

This juxtaposition is immediately apparent in the first song, with its shimmering opening, which owes something to Ravel and the French musical impressionists, conjuring up the wind with which the text is occupied. Vaughan Williams' approach to the text works on two levels – that of word-painting, and that of bringing out the meanings inherent in phrases or in an entire text. Again, in the first song, he paints words like “high” and “gale,” and depicts the sense of foreboding in phrases like “the wood's in trouble” and “His forest fleece the Wrekin heaves” in the accompaniment.

This approach runs through the cycle. The third song, with its mournful cast, interrupted by a moment of comfort, a snatch of a lullaby, as the narrator urges “Be still, my lad, and sleep” is heart wrenching and beautiful in its irony. The fifth song, too, is full of onomatopoeic effects, with an accompaniment reminiscent of pealing church bells. The cycle as a whole shows Vaughan Williams at his most characteristic – the composer who was every bit as accomplished and sophisticated as his continental counterparts without forsaking England's heritage of folk music, the man who was related to the Darwins and the Wedgwoods and dressed like a farmer. *On Wenlock Edge* is an early utterance from a composer who was one of the most stirring of the 20th century, with an international appeal rooted firmly in his Englishness.

It's De-Medley, Cole Porter/arr. Wymore

It's De-Medley is the product of the incredible compositional mash-up skills of composer Cody Wymore (b. 1987). The medley was originally put together at the request of Dr. Brad Hougham in 2009 for a recital here at Ithaca College. It combines 7 of Cole Porter's most famous tunes, and is expertly crafted to allow both the pianist and singer the optimum amount of creative liberty and improvisation.

Mr. Wymore is a composer originally from Spokane, Washington. He received his undergraduate degree in Composition from Ithaca College in 2009. He holds a Master Degree in Musical Theatre Composition from NYU, having studied with such notable composers as William Finn. Mr. Wymore currently lives in Queens, NYC and continues to be an active composer and arranger.

Notes by Andrew David Mattfeld